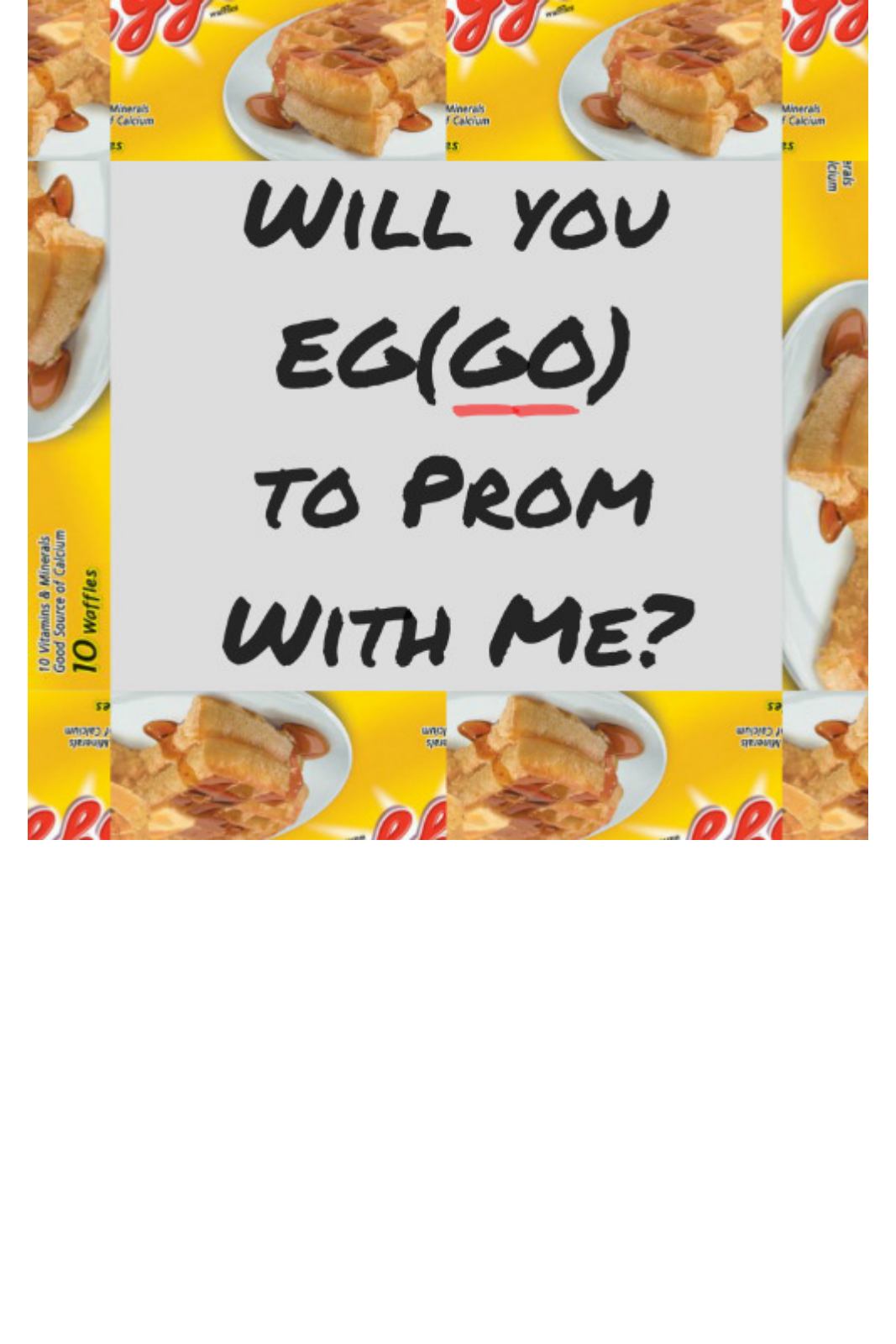




WILL YOU
EG(GO)
TO PROM
WITH ME?

10 Vitamins & Minerals
Good Source of Calcium

10 waffles

10
Vitamins
& Minerals

Good
Source of
Calcium

10
Vitamins
& Minerals

Good
Source of
Calcium

10
Vitamins
& Minerals

Good
Source of
Calcium

10
Vitamins
& Minerals

Good
Source of
Calcium

Without You by thevaccines

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, F/M, Kissing, M/M, Not Actually Unrequited Love, Slow Build, Teen Angst, Teen Romance, Teenage Dorks, Unrequited Love, Wedding, but you'll seeeeee lmao, i messed up their ages but, im 2 lazy to fix it, super mild smut

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, will byers & original character

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-21

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Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 5

Words: 10,864

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

10 years.

That is how long it's been since their last D&D campaign, since the last time they watched Ghostbusters on Halloween, since their last AV club meeting, since they graduated and went their separate ways.

10 years since Will has seen Mike.

He doesn't know if he's ready, but he has to be.

1. Prologue: December 12th, 1998

December 12th, 1998

Will was quiet, characteristically so, as he sat at his small dinner table. A glass of pinot sitting in front of him, and an unopened envelope, silver lettering addressing his name. It made his stomach drop, his throat dry.

His cat, Princess, jumped up onto his lap, and he began to pet her slowly, as she purred he knew that she could detect his stress.

Earlier he had gotten a call from Lucas Sinclair, the only person out of his childhood friend group that still kept in touch with him. He was okay with that, he had to be. He understood how busy everyone else's lives were, even his own mother only called him once a month now. He was lucky if Jonathan called that often. He was somewhere in New York with Nancy, taking pictures and enjoying life, while his little brother was stuck in a bustling city, trying to find a job for a degree he worked too hard to get.

"Did you get it?" Lucas had asked, sounding excited but a little nervous as well. At the moment he had called, Will had just finished painting a final piece for his exhibit, hoping that it would be the piece that got people talking about him.

"Get what?" Will was sat on the floor, staring at the black and red hues drying on the canvas. Will decided he'd call this not-so fictitious art piece "Storm".

"The wedding invitation." Lucas said, then after a moment, "Have you checked your mail?"

"What?" Will stared away now, waiting anxiously for Lucas' response. He already knew what was coming, but he did not really want to believe it.

"Go check your mail, Will. You should just see it for yourself."

Before he even went to check his mailbox, he poured himself a glass of pinot, already knowing what was most likely in there. It had been a year since their engagement, so he figured that the time had finally come.

He took a sip of his wine before running his finger underneath the opening, tearing it slowly. He takes out the card, its laminated, more printed silver writing.

Princess sat patiently, looking at the card, her head turning to look at Will as he chugged down the rest of the wine. He shook his head, taking a deep breath.

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LOVE IS IN THE AIR

Jane Hopper and Michael Wheeler

Request the honour of your presence

On their Wedding Day

Sunday, Eleventh of February, 1999

.

Will scoffed, Princess hissed. Then it started to sink in, slowly, as his stomach began to turn from the incoming nausea.

“The ‘honour of my presence’.” Will says aloud, “Can you believe that?” His voice is void of the feelings he’s trying not to feel, the anger, disappointment, the sadness. He holds it in.

Princess jumps away as he gets up, grabbing his empty wine glass and heading to the kitchen. His apartment is small, it only takes him 5 steps to get where he’s going. He looks outside into the bustling city, putting the glass in the sink. The decision to move to Chicago wasn’t a hard one, especially after he had finished high school and pursued his dream of becoming an artist, attending the School of Art Institute of Chicago.

His vision became blurred as he realized he was biting his lip a little too hard, his eyes welling up with tears. He looked over to the picture he had stuck on the side of his fridge. It was Lucas, Dustin, Mike, and himself when they were kids, all with giant headphones bigger than their own heads on, sitting around a small desk in the crowded AV closet. Mike had a hand around Will's shoulder, both of them smiling so wide their eyes were almost squinted shut.

It sunk in.

He had grabbed the bottle of red wine, his weak hold on the edge of the counter gave away and he fell slowly to the cold tiled floor, his eyes squeezing shut in an attempt to hold back the emotions.

But they came, falling heavy and fast from his eyes, big fat tears full of everything he had been refusing to feel moments before. He raised the bottle to his mouth, drinking more than a sip this time. Though whiskey or vodka was wanted in that moment, wine still gave him the desired burn he needed to melt away the feelings for a night. He gulped quickly, trying to will it to work faster.

Princess came around again, licking his face, trying to wipe away the tears that wouldn't stop coming. Will scooped her up, holding her tight. Usually she would groan in protest but for the first time ever, she held back.

About a year ago, Will had realized that the reason he was never satisfied with past relationships, all of the break-ups and hot and heavy make-ups he had been through, he never truly cared, mainly because it wasn't *him*.

It wasn't Mike. And now, most of all, it never will be.

2. April 23rd, 1988

Summary for the Chapter:

Graduation Day.

April 23rd, 1988

Will coughed. The smell of Dustin's hairspray making him choke on his own breath, and he had also *just* taken a sip of his capri sun. Really, he should be used to it now, after four years of Dustin spraying his hair up like a maniac for the girls (who also went crazy for his curls).

After their last Snowball dance, entering high school had been a wild ride, but pretty easy as well. Will had finally grown out of the "Zombie Boy" name-calling, especially with Jonathan there in his first year to defend him. Eleven got to join them in school, Max and Lucas were inseparable, and Dustin became a straight-up ladies man. He never landed a solid girlfriend, but only because he didn't want to settle down with anyone just yet.

"Really?" Mike asks, waving a hand around in the air, now thick with the smell of hairspray. The three of them are currently sitting in Mike's basement, on an old plaid red sofa, dressed for their graduation, and waiting for Lucas to arrive. They had agreed earlier to meet Eleven and Max at the school.

"I gotta make sure it looks *perfect*, Mike." Dustin responds, "You wouldn't understand." He puts his Farrah Fawcett spray back into his jean backpack, taking a sip of his capri sun right after. Out of his backpack falls a little pack of cigarettes, curtesy of Max, who steals them from her brother occasionally.

Will scrunches his nose at them. They all enjoyed smoking them at times, if they were out late, maybe after a party, still a little drunk. Will would always wake up the next day with a bad sore throat,

Joyce would never realize because she smells it all the time anyways, but he knew she'd be mad if he told her he'd smoked. She always tried to steer Will and Jonathan away from it.

"Anyways," Mike says, changing the topic of conversation. "Do you guys wanna see how I'm asking El to prom?"

"Oh, you finally figured it out after procrastinating for months?" Dustin asks, slightly sarcastic, but a smile begins to form on his features.

"Yeah, and its freaking brilliant, hold on, I'll go get it." He throws off his blazer, running up the stairs two steps at a time, looking graceful even though his legs are twice as long as they were last year. Out of all four of them, Mike had grown like a tree, taller each year, and Will was still the smallest, though he didn't mind all that much, just reaching the height of Mike's chest. Dustin only looked taller cause his hair was ridiculous in size.

In a few minutes, Mike comes running back downstairs with a huge cardboard cutout. He stands in front of the two, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"What you are about to see must be kept a secret, at least until next week when I ask her." He says, his tone serious. The two boys nod in agreement, and then Will flips it around.



Dustin and Will's jaws drop, Dustin's eyes light up as he puts a fist in the air like Judd Nelson at the end of *Breakfast Club*.

"Will you Eg-GO to prom with me?" Mike says, speaking as if he's performed it in the mirror one too many times.

"Damn Mike, I don't think I've seen *anything* more perfect then *that*." Mike laughs, smiling from ear to ear at Dustin's approval. Then, he looks over to Will, who's eyes are still fixated on the sign.

"Will?" Mike's smile disappears as he waits for his best friend's approval. But it doesn't come right away.

Prom. Something that is anticipated, but also dreaded, by all high-schoolers. For Will, he had dreaded it ever since he saw how much anxiety it gave Jonathan, and how much preparation and time he had to put into it. Most of all, he dreaded the idea of having to dance with any more girls.

“Will.” Dustin says prominently, tapping his shoulder. Will blinks a few times before looking at him, then back to Mike. “You’ve made him *speechless!*” Dustin exclaims excitedly. Mike nods in realization, his smile coming back in full force.

“Yeah, speechless.” Will mutters in agreement. He swallows a lump in his throat, raising a quick shaky hand to his capri sun.

“You’re going to buy flowers too, right? Ladies *love* roses.” Dustin suggests, giving Will a quick wink but he doesn’t notice it. At least that’s what his mom had told him before.

“I was thinking more like a bouquet of Eggos, but roses work too.” Mike laughs along with Dustin, the two of them smiling as Will sits timid beside them. Mike places the board behind his box TV, going to join them back on the couch.

Footsteps come down the stairs, and then Lucas is there. Standing almost 6 feet tall in a pale blue suit, with a frilly white button up underneath. He smirks, and then does a quick spin.

“Fucking *rad.*” Mike says, smiling at him. Lucas claps his hands together and rubs them excitedly. He goes to sit on the coffee table in front of them.

“You guys look like you’re straight out of *The Godfather* or something.” Lucas says, making the boys laugh in agreement.

“My mom wanted me to look as classic as possible.” Dustin responds, sitting a little straighter.

“This is my Dad’s.” Mike responds, and then, they all look over to Will, who is staring absentmindedly at the now hidden poster board, the Eggos box still slightly seen over the edge.

“Where’s your suit from, Will?” Lucas asks, but no response comes.

“Will?” Mike leans over Dustin, putting a hand on Will’s thigh and shaking him slightly. His fingers tighten, digging into him.

“Huh?” Will feels like his ears are ringing, cheeks hot, as his eyes fixate on Mike’s hand touching his thigh.

“Jesus, are you high or something?” Lucas laughs.

“No, we’re saving that for later.” Dustin purrs, Lucas shakes his head. But Mike continues to stare at Will curiously. Will gets up then, grabbing his empty capri sun and Dustin’s, throwing them out in the bin.

“I think I’m gonna head to the convenience store for a pop. Anyone wanna walk?”

“Why *walk* when I got..” Lucas begins, pulling a pair of keys out of his pocket, “*These*.”

“No way, your dad let you borrow the Camaro?!” Dustin exclaims, but Lucas shakes his head.

“No, Steve’s BMW.” Lucas still smiles though, Dustin humming in happy realization.

“I’ll walk with you.” Mike stands up, grabbing his coat to put on.

“But I got the car?” Lucas responds, and Mike sighs.

“Lucas, I wouldn’t get in a car that *you* are driving if it was the fucking DeLorean.”

“Ouch.” Lucas slaps a hand to his chest, Dustin laughs and Will cracks a smile.

“Its ok Mike, lets just drive. It’s getting kinda late anyways, wouldn’t wanna miss our graduation, would we?” Will says, trying to compromise. Mike sighs, giving him a stern look.

“Okay. But please, do not miss the stop sign between Chestnut and Wiles road, I don’t wanna almost die again for the thousandth time.” Mike whines before walking lazily over to the bottom of the stairs,

“MOM! We’re heading out! Graduation starts at 7!” He looks over to his friends, “Now lets go before she comes running down here with her polaroid.”

Before they know it, Will and Mike are sitting in the back of the car, driving away from the convenience store with four bottles of Surge. Lucas sits holding the steering wheel, so tight his knuckles are going pale. Dustin is rummaging through a box at his feet, where Steve keeps all of his cassette tapes.

“Ooh, shall we?” Dustin picks up a small cassette, unopened, and proceeds to open it. He carefully places it at the radio, and the flap opens, accepting the cassette. *Just Like Paradise* begins playing on the stereo, and all of the boys share a smile. Van Halen is a group favourite, and David Lee Roth was Dustin’s ultimate hair idol, other than Steve Harrington of course.

They are all singing along, and don’t even notice as Lucas *does* miss the stop between Chestnut and Wiles road, but none of them seem to care even slightly in that moment. They role the windows down, all of their hair whipping around as they pull up fast into the school parking lot just as the song ends.

“Rewind it, rewind it.” Mike says, and Dustin wastes no time pressing the button to rewind the tape.

“Man, I don’t think I’ve ever been as excited as I am now. You guys..we seriously made it.” Dustin begins to get a little teary-eyed, the other three quietly smiling back at him. “I’m proud of us.” They stare ahead at the school, watching as some other students begin arriving and greeting one-another.

“Me too, man.” Lucas puts a hand on his shoulder and Dustin sniffs and nods. The tape stops, and then begins playing once again, but instead of jamming, they just listen, looking anxiously at what awaits them.

It’s not long until they go inside the school. Dustin disappears almost instantly to the boys bathroom, wanting to fix his hair before any pictures get taken. Will follows behind Lucas and Mike as they excitedly head towards Eleven and Max, who they find almost

instantly in the gymnasium.

“Hey!” Lucas exclaims as he hugs Max from behind, spinning her around, “You look beautiful!” Max laughs in surprise, and when she is finally put down, hugs Lucas tightly.

Eleven gives Mike a hug, then Will. Over the years, Will and Eleven had become good friends, and at parties, they usually stick together, being the sober ones and looking after the others. Those nights they had some deep talks, and for some reason, Will thinks she is able to sense *something*. Such as Will’s deepest and darkest secrets. He feels okay with that though, because he knows she would be the last person to judge him about absolutely anything he had to say.

“You guys look great!” Mike says, Will notices that Eleven and Mike begin holding hands then, their fingers laced and wrapped tightly, squeezing one-another for comfort.

“So do you! Where’s Dustin? We need to get our gowns soon before too many other kids show up and theres a long line.”

And then theres a *gasp*, heard from the other side of the gymnasium as the doors open, Dustin walks in, standing tall, his hair not even moving a millimetre with how much spray he’s got in it. A group of girls giggle as he smiles at them, walking past them and towards his friends.

“The attention will probably be the death of me, my friends.” Dustin says, making all three boys roll their eyes and sigh collectively. “Ladies.” He nods towards Max and Eleven.

“How nice of you to join us.” Max says sarcastically, but Dustin just smiles, the joke going over his head.

Two hours later and many pictures later, curtesy of all the mother’s and Jim, each teen found themselves sitting in their appropriate seats, waiting to be called for their diploma.

Will sits nervously at the front, he’ll be one of the first to walk up, and the gown he got was a little too big, reaching below his ankles. He kept pulling at it nervously, then turns his head, looking for his

friends.

He finds Mike sitting a few rows behind him, looking back at him. Mike gives him a warm smile, a thumbs up, and Will's stomach begins to twist a little less. Will smiles back, and the two continue to stare at each other.

"Nervous?" Mike mouths to him.

"Not anymore." Will mouths in response, then adds a shrug. Mike smiles down at his lap, and Will's row is now told to stand up, and head towards the stage.

The graduation ends and Will's cheeks begin to hurt from smiling in pictures. Jonathan gives him *such* a tight hug, along with Joyce and Jim, before he finally meets with his friends, all of them screaming and jumping in excitement as they hold onto each other. There's only one week left until prom, only one week left until their summer begins.

As they then begin to separate, people begin to leave for their homes or for their dinner reservations, Will excuses himself to the washroom.

He finds himself alone in there. He takes a few deep breathes, trying to wrap his head around the fact that he still feels sick, meanwhile the hard part has passed. He didn't trip, didn't fall, he smiled and walked proudly across the stage, his friends cheering. He remembers finding Mike easily amongst the crowd of kids, because he had stood up, clapping wildly for him.

Will tries holding it back but he coughs and runs to the toilet as his lunch makes its way up his throat. He wipes his forehead, then his mouth, spitting out the taste. He knows he should probably check to make sure he didn't throw up anything *serious*, but he just flushes, feeling pathetic as he walks to the sink to rinse his mouth out. He shouldn't even be worrying about that stuff anymore. It's been five years accident free, thankfully.

The door opens, and Will looks to find Mike, standing with a sheepish grin.

“Hey, you alright?”

“Peachy.”

“I heard your mom was making lasagna, so I’ve invited myself over.”

“Oh really?”

“Really.”

They both chuckle, staring at each other. Mike lets the door swing closed behind him, and steps towards Will. Will straightens himself from hovering over the sink, swallowing nervously as Mike stands inches away from him.

Mike grabs him then, pulling him in tightly for a hug. He’s bent his back so he could slot his neck in with Will’s, his arms around his shoulders. Will goes to hug him back, locking his arms around his back.

“Congrats, best-friend.”

“You too.” Will sighs, inhaling slowly the scent of Mike that he’s grown so fond of.

They stay together for a minute, and for Will, it’s an eternity. At least, he hoped it could be.

Notes for the Chapter:

I’m planning to be going back and forth in time: so keep an eye on the dates (which will be the titles of each chapter)

let me know what you think!!

(also 100% trademarking that "will you ego to prom with me" and it’s now a HC for me)

thank you for reading!! xoxo

-K

3. November 23rd, 1993

Summary for the Chapter:

The first Thanksgiving Will brings home a boy.

November 23rd, 1993

“Will? Is this the right street?”

Will looks up, gasping slightly at the sudden intrusion from his thoughts. He was halfway through “It” by Stephen King, and didn’t even realize they had crossed the line back into Hawkins, Indiana. His mind was back in Derry, Maine, with a group of kids that oddly reminded him of his own childhood.

“Huh?”

“Maplewood, right?” Sean asks, the car beginning to slow down. Sean turns on his left blinker, waiting for Will’s response.

“Yeah.” He turns to look at the man driving in the seat next to him. Sean’s got a small smile on his face as he makes the left, taking one hand off the wheel to rest on Will’s thigh. Will scoops his hand underneath Sean’s, linking their fingers together. “Sorry, this clown shit is getting me on edge. My house is just at the end.”

The man laughs, and Will looks ahead of the dead-end road, watching as his driveway comes into view, including his mother’s green Ford Pinto. Jonathan hasn’t arrived yet, but he promised he’d be there before the turkey came out of the oven.

Sean parks the car, and then turns to look at Will.

“Nervous?” He asks Will, smirking slightly. He raises his free hand to comb through his blonde hair, tucking it behind his ear. Will takes a moment, just quickly, to look over his boyfriend’s soft features, his perfect olive skin and deep brown eyes. He sighed.

“Aren’t you?” Will asks, and Sean shakes his head quickly, his hair

falling back into place even after his half-assed attempt to keep it back.

“Will, if your family is half as amazing as you are, I already know I am going to love them.” His eyes sparkle as he speaks of loving Will, and Will feels his cheeks go red.

“Thank you again, for agreeing to come. My mom is so excited and her cooking isn’t the *greatest* but-“ Will gets cut off then, as the leather beneath Sean squeaks slightly as he leans over, quieting Will with a kiss. After a moment, he pulls away, knocking their foreheads together lightly.

They’re interrupted by a loud knock. Neither had realized that in the brief moments they were talking, Joyce had made her way outside, still in her apron, and proceeded to bang on the window. Still in her slippers, with a huge smile on her face. .

Will swung open the door, Joyce practically pulling him out and hugging him tightly. He was only a little taller than her, but enough to make Joyce stand on her toes as she puts her hands on his cheeks, getting a better look at him.

“Oh, your hair! It’s so short, but it’s a cute style, I’ve seen it on a few soaps.” She says as she goes to squish his right cheek slightly.

“Mom,” He takes a step away as her arms drop to her sides. Her smile never falters, even as Sean comes around the corner to interrupt their little moment. “This is Sean. He’s the one I was telling you about-“

Joyce doesn’t waste another second, quickly giving Sean a hug as well. Will positively *beams* at the sight, for this was the first time he ever brought a boy home, especially on thanksgiving. Sean hugs back, laughing slightly as well. They separate as Will gets their bags out of the back seat.

“Pleasure to meet you, Mrs.Byers.”

“Oh,” She chuckles, “Call me Joyce.” She puts a hand on his shoulder, giving him a pat before she looks over to Will. The three of them enter the house, the smell of pie and the warm heat of the

radiators make Will's heart fill with happiness. *Home.*

"So, how's the city treating you both?" Joyce begins to make some small talk as the three enter the kitchen. She's pre-poured them all glasses of wine, and cut up some fancy looking cheese as well. Will wonders how much that cost her.

Will shrugs as he grabs a glass, "Still a little hard to find a job. I've handed in a resume literally *everywhere*. Sean was trying to get me a job with him at Macy's but nothing has come up yet."

"I keep telling you not to worry about getting a part-time job, just focus on school."

Will nods, but he doesn't agree. It's no secret they have had money problems most of their lives, and even though Lonnie sends money occasionally to help with school, it's not enough, especially for Will to be living in a city so far away. He wants to do everything he possibly can to help his mom, and if that means his school and art comes second, then so be it.

"What are you majoring in, Sean?" Joyce asks as she sips her wine, already knowing full-well what Sean does, but she asks just to be nice.

"I'm in my last year of Criminology, and then I'm still waiting for my acceptance into law school. Hopefully I get accepted in Chicago or else I might have to go to Canada."

"Whoa," Joyce says, "Canada? Whereabout?"

"Ottawa, probably, but," He sighs, looking at Will, his expression unreadable, "I really hope I can stay in Chicago with you."

"Me too." Will responds quietly, and Sean puts one arm around Will's lower back, holding him closer. Joyce smiles at the little action, and then turns to check and baste the turkey.

After they chatted a little more, the two boys left so Will could show him the house quickly. Once they got to their bedroom, Will had to hold back a small gasp.

Nothing had changed, even slightly. After his last summer in Hawkins after graduation, he had left as fast he could, renting out a shitty apartment with three other college kids.

He walked over to his little bulletin board, where all his drawings were kept. Sean followed, after he closed the door quietly.

“Will the Wise?” Sean asks, “Is that a reference to..Dungeons and Dragons?”

Will nods, “Yeah, my friends and I played as kids. My character was a cleric.”

“How did I never know this?” Sean asks, “I used to play too, my character was a mage.”

“I’ve never talked about it?” Will responds, and Sean shakes his head ‘no’. “Well, I don’t really talk to those guys anymore.. Some stupid stuff happened in high school and we all grew out of it and...” Will shrugs, no longer wanting to talk about it. Sean sensed it, and didn’t question him anymore.

“Cool records.” Sean says, flipping through the small case of them he had on the side-table. Most of them were back in Will’s apartment in Chicago, but he left a few at home that he knew his mom would occasionally listen to if she felt like it.

Will doesn’t respond, just nods and exhales, watching as Sean walks over to his bookcase. It was small, him and Jonathan had put it together one year, but thankfully it ended up being very sturdy. It was packed with novels, and all sorts of things, including the box of 120 crayons, even though most of them were drawn to the ends.

“Ooh, a yearbook?” He grabbed the Hawkins High 1985, and went to sit on the edge of Will’s bed as he began to flip through it.

“What grade?”

“I think 11..” Will says as he goes to sit next to him, putting a hand behind him to rest back as he watches Sean flip through the laminated pages.

“Oh..my..god.” Sean has found Will, and he smiles from ear to ear, “I love the plaid button-up, and the bowl-cut. How long did you have that hairstyle for?”

“Too long.” Will blushes, falling back on his bed in embarrassment. His mother would cut him and Jonathan’s hair to save money, and he never really minded, even though he did look like the biggest dork in the world.

“I love it.” He says, then flips a few more pages, then stops. “Who’s this?”

“Hmm?” Will asks, staring up at his ceiling, specifically at the poster he had taped up there of *Scott Baio* from Happy Days.

“Michael Wheeler.”

Will shoots up, his eyes landing on where Sean is pointing. Mike’s grade 11 yearbook picture, surrounded with little drawings of *hearts*.

“Oh.” Will says, then takes the book, “Nobody, don’t worry.”

“Didn’t look like *nobody* to me.”

“Drop it.” Will says sternly, shoving the book back in its tight slot on the bookshelf. Sean puts his hands up in defence, frowning slightly.

“Okay then.” Sean says. It’s quiet then, as Will stands with his arms across his chest, looking out the window at the dense forest beyond his house.

Will turns to find Sean looking at him, with those beautiful puppy-eyes that melt Will’s whole being.

“I’m sorry.” He says, “Didn’t mean to push you or anything.”

“No, I’m sorry.” Will’s hands fall to his sides, and he steps towards Sean, standing in-between his legs. He raises his hands and runs his fingers through Sean’s hair, and Sean wraps his arms around Will’s waist, smirking up at him. “He’s just a guy I used to know, a part of my party,” He shrugs, running a finger over Sean’s temple, “Nobody important.”

“Okay.” Sean whispers, pulling Will closer to him. Sean lets go then, falling back slowly onto Will’s bed. Will laughs slightly, climbing over on top of him, his legs straddling his stomach. Will hovers above him, his hands beside Sean’s head, holding him up. Sean’s eyes travel from Will’s eyes to his lips, and then he brings a hand behind Will’s head, pulling him foreword.

They meet in the middle, Will slowly collapsing on top of him, their breath becoming more staggered as they try to be as close as possible, closing every gap as their tongues meet, not desperately but slowly, lovingly.

Will is the first to pull back, Sean groaning slightly in protest. He tries to give Will his puppy dog eyes, but Will shakes his head.

“Nothing is gonna be *happening* in my childhood bedroom.” He whispers, Sean’s hands traveling from his mid back to his sides, down his waist and across his abdomen, sitting there, teasing him.

“Are we sure about that?” He whispers, staring intensely at Will, who is trying his best to keep his composure.

He takes a slow breath out, moving down until his face is inches from Sean’s. He gives a small kiss to his cheek, then leans close to his ear. He can feel Sean shaking slightly under him in anticipation. His hands begin to inch closer to the belt on Will’s jeans, and Will smiles.

“Yes.” He whispers, then falls to his side, rolling off the bed and onto his feet again. He begins laughing, Sean blushing to the tips of his ears. Sean rolls his eyes, giving Will a shake of his head and wide grin. He sits up, running a hand over his face.

“You are such a fucking tease.”

Suddenly, there is loud commotion in the hallway, and Will turns toward it, Sean sits up behind him, just as the door opens.

“Will!”

“Jonathan!”

The two practically leaped towards each other, arms wrapped around

the other faster than magnets colliding. Will didn't even know how long it's been since they last seen each other, since they last had 5 minutes to spare to call one another.

"How's New York?"

"How's Chicago?"

"How's Nancy?"

"I'm guessing the man in your bed is Sean?"

Question after question just kept coming, the two brothers so excited about each other's lives, that they didn't even stop to answer, just kept talking as if they only had 5 minutes, when they really had the rest of the night to catch up.

Time seems to slow down sometime after dinner, sometime after they had been stuffed with turkey, but just around the time they began craving pie. Unfortunately Nancy couldn't stay after dinner, since she promised her mother she'd be home for dessert.

"Bye, Nance." Will says, giving her a small hug at the door, Sean and Joyce staying back in the living room, watching the Thanksgiving Parade.

"It was good seeing you." Nancy smiles, holding tighter onto Will for just a moment. "Hey, do you want me to tell Mike you're home? I'm sure he'd love to see you, even if it's just tomorrow morning or something." She suggests, and Will raises his eyebrows in response.

"Uh," Will swallows, looking towards Sean, who perks up from the family room at the mention of Mike. "Sure, but, I don't know what time I'll be going home tomorrow morning. We were hoping to avoid some traffic, so we might head out at like...5." Will says, trying to play it off nonchalantly, but his heart is pounding hard in his chest, his throat dry, and he can feel Sean staring at him from across the room.

"Ok, well nonetheless I'll tell him you said hi." Nancy waves one last time to Joyce, and then to Sean.

Jonathan leaves with her to drive her home, and Joyce gets up to go for a smoke in the backyard, leaving Sean and Will alone on the couch.

“So, when were you going to tell me your plans?” Sean asks sarcastically.

“Huh?” Will responds, trying to act as if he doesn’t understand what he’s asking.

“For leaving at 5am.” He responds, his tone sharp. He sits on the edge of the couch, staring intensely at the TV, as he waits for Will to respond.

Will gives up then, moving forward to wrap his arms around Sean, hugging him from behind, resting his forehead against the middle of his back. He sighs, nuzzling him. That’s when Sean gives up, deciding not to try prying it out of him any longer, and he brings his arm around to move Will into a more comfortable position.

By the time Joyce gets back, the two have their eyes closed, arms around each other. When Jonathan comes back, they eat some pie before going to bed, Sean and Will both passed out on the couch. Joyce makes sure to put a blanket over them before she leaves.

It’s 2 am when Will wakes up, alone on the couch. He sees the bathroom light on, the door flooding light into the hallway from the cracks underneath. He guesses Sean must’ve gotten up, because he isn’t in the room, and then, he hears a small knock at the door.

Thinking he must be half-asleep and dreaming still, he closes his eyes, waiting for Sean to get back so he can melt against him, but just as he does, the knock comes again.

Will groans quietly, wrapping the blanket around him as he goes to unlock the door.

“Took you long enough, I’m freezing my nuts out here.”

Will feels his jaw *literally* drop, as Mike stands in front of him, mid-November, in just a thin t-shirt and jeans.

“Do you know what time it is?” Will whispers angrily, although, he isn’t angry. He’s far, far from angry.

“Yes, but according to Nancy, you’re leaving in 3 hours back to Chicago, so I wanted to make sure I saw you.” Mike says, then laughs, “Which I knew was total bullshit but I still wanted to come just in case.”

Will shakes his head, trying to comprehend. Then he remembers he told Nancy he was leaving at 5, and it came together.

“You can’t stay, I need to sleep.” Will says, his heart beginning to race at the idea that Sean is going to walk out to them any minute now, and begin questioning them to no end.

“Yeah, well, we all *need* things Will, but c’mon, it’s been like...a year since I last saw you.”

“Longer, actually. Almost 2.”

“Exactly.” Mike says, taking a step towards him. “Can I come in?”

“No, just-“ Will steps outside, closing the door quietly behind him. Just before he does, he sees a pack of his mom’s smokes sitting on the table, and he grabs them.

He offers one to Mike, and takes one himself.

“You smoking now?”

“In this moment, I kind of need one.” He mutters, and Mike doesn’t respond, just waits for Will to pry the lighter out of the pack to light both of their cigarettes.

“So, is that *your* Honda next to Jonathan’s?”

“No, it’s Sean’s.”

“Sean?”

“My boyfriend.” Will then takes a long inhale from his cigarette, moving to sit on the bench on the porch. Mike joins him after a

moment, and its quiet, but not awkward. If anything, Will is more comfortable sitting here in this moment with Mike, than he has been in a long time.

“Hows Jane?”

“She’s doing really good, taking a *lot* of extra courses, most of them night courses at the local library.”

“And you?” Will asks.

“I’m doing good too, I’m actually taking this year off from school, I’ve been pretty stressed, so I’m just working with my Dad at his company for the year, getting paid bi-weekly.”

“Thats good, Mike.” Will nods, knowing that Mike is probably *not* so good, especially if he’s resorted to working with his Dad five days a week. He understands why Mike would lie to him though, not wanting Will to worry about him, even though he does worry about Mike most of the time.

“And you? Are things good? I mean, you have a boyfriend, so how bad could it be?”

“It’s not bad, its just,” Will looks towards him, the smoke raising from his cigarette, clouding the air around them slowly, “Do you ever wish you could go back to a moment in time, and change it? Make it never happen at all?”

Mike looks away, staring at the dark road, deep in thought. He takes a small puff, blowing the smoke through his nose. He runs a free hand through his hair, then looks at Will again.

“I mean, there is some things I would change, but,” He smiles, “There is some things I would like to do again, but not change, y’know?”

Will gives him a small smile, nodding knowingly.

“Yeah.” He whispers, averting his eyes from Mike’s gaze, heavy with emotions.

They finish their cigarettes in peace. Mike gets up first, saying he

should go, knowing Will needs his sleep, and Will ashes his cigarette in the deck before hugging him, wrapping the blanket around them both during their embrace. Mike sighs, hugging him tightly.

“Come to Chicago, you can stay with me as long as you want. You could even transfer to school there if you want, and I live above the *best* diner, they’re always looking for late-night waiters too. And my apartment *always* smells like coffee and cookies.”

Mike laughs as they separate, the two smiling, their hearts full as they stand close to each other.

“Maybe.” Mike breathes, and Will nods, his smile slowly falling. He yawns, and Mike chuckles, raising a hand to rub the back of his neck, then yawns as well, this time making Will giggle.

Mike’s hand falls to Will’s cheek, looking down at him. Will steps a little closer, forgetting where he is for a moment, and Mike does too, as Will’s hands hover *just* on Mike’s waist, his hands shaking. Mike steps closer, and then leads foreword, kissing Will’s forehead.

“I’ve missed you, Will.” He whispers, and then steps away, walking down the porch steps towards his car.

Will waves at him until he can’t see Mike’s car lights anymore, then heads back inside. Sean isn’t on the couch, so he heads to his room to find him there, lying in his bed, waiting for him. Will smiles, closing his door and rolling into the bed, curling himself into Sean, who kisses the top of his head, his arms holding Will tightly against him.

Will dreams of someone else.

Notes for the Chapter:

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4. July 25th, 1985

Summary for the Chapter:

First high school party ends up being a few firsts for Will.

July 25th, 1985

“You sure this looks okay?” Will is staring at his hair in the mirror, watching as Dustin ‘works his magic’, or so he calls it. He’s only been styling his hair for a year, and yet he calls himself a master. He has now styled Will’s hair up in a way that, according to Dustin, *makes the ladies go wild*.

“Don’t worry, I got you! I bet Sarah Smith will be all over you tonight, did you hear she’s been talking about you?”

Will swallows, looking at Dustin through the mirror. He forces a smile, “No way, really?”

“Yup. And don’t worry, I promise I will leave her for you.”

“Oh how generous.” Will rolls his eyes, laughing. Jonathan knocks at the door then, and Dustin goes to open it.

“Are you guys ready yet?”

“Five minutes, we’ll meet you in the car.” Dustin begins closing the door, but Jonathan puts a hand up, stopping him.

“Whats that smell?” Jonathan asks as the scent of the hairspray begins leaking into the hallway. He regrets asking a moment after, as Dustin smiles.

“Farah Fawcett.” Dustin responds, Jonathan looks at him incredulously, then just nods, walking away without questioning it.

Five minutes later they are clambering into the back of Jonathan’s car, telling him which streets to go down to get to Kasey Teller’s

house.

“She lives in Loch Nora?”

“Yeah, she got her parents to get us a *keg*, too.” Dustin says excitedly, barely able to contain himself in the back seat. Meanwhile Will has been digging into the leather seats, trying to will his nerves to calm down.

“Ok, well..please don’t go too crazy. I don’t wanna have to literally pick you up off the floor later.” He unlocks the doors, Dustin getting out fast, but Will stays for a moment, looking at his brother.

“Do I look okay?” He asks. His hair is quaffed up in an unnatural way, with black jeans, a white tee and flannel, he almost looked like a young Lonnie, from what Jonathan had seen in pictures. Jonathan smiles, nodding.

“It’s your first high school party, don’t worry. You’ll be fine. Just... don’t drink too much, seriously, you’re young, you have so much time to get wasted in the future. And please, don’t do anything you don’t *want* to do.”

Over the past year, since the gate was closed by El, Jonathan had become a lot more easy-going, surprisingly. Joyce still didn’t let up as much, not letting him bike home alone, or go anywhere alone, really, but Jonathan spent most of his time with Nancy now instead of worrying about Will, which Will *was* happy about. He did miss his brother sometimes.

Dustin calls out to Will, and Will smiles one last time at Jonathan, getting out of the car, closing the door just as he starts driving away.

The house is bigger than they imagined it to be. Sure, they came trick or treating down Loch Nora when they were younger, but Kasey Teller’s house was massive compared to the rest. There was music heard from the inside, and Will is about to knock when Dustin just opens the door, letting themselves in.

“Holy.” Dustin’s eyes go wide, as do Will’s, as they see about 80 kids crammed into every inch of the house, all with a red solo cup. Some

are standing awkwardly, talking in groups, but some are dancing and enjoying their night. From across the room Will can see a small head bobbing up and down, with black mop of curls, and his heart stops for a moment.

“I think I see Mike...and the others.” Will says as they close the door behind them. Dustin looks around and sees them as well, but they both agree to go find a drink first before approaching the couples. Dustin, even though he doesn’t say it explicitly to anyone, is still a little hurt that Max chose Lucas, even though he is extremely happy for them.

They find a keg in the kitchen, both of them staring at it curiously. They wait until someone else comes around to pour themselves a cup, and then, understanding how to do it, grab two cups and pour a glass for one another.

“Cheers, to our teen years.” Dustin says as he clinks his cup to Will’s. Will laughs, scrunching his nose up at the cheesiness of it.

“Cheers.” They both drink, Will taking more of a timid sip while Dustin gulps it down, pouring himself one more before they go into the crowd of people, searching for their friends.

Dustin gets lost along the way, and Will finds himself sitting on a couch that looks too expensive for a family living room, and sipping his beer, that tastes and smells a little weird, but feeling more and more relaxed with every sip.

“Hey, Will Byers.”

Will looks up, finding Sarah Smith staring down at him. She’s got pretty eyes, Will thinks, but that’s as far as his thoughts about her go. Her dress is pretty too, he guesses, but it does nothing for him.

“Have you toured the mansion yet?” She asks, gesturing to the house. He shakes his head, and she giggles, holding her free hand out, “Well, come on then. I’ll give you a proper one.” She smiles.

He doesn’t know why, but he takes her hand. He doesn’t really *want* to, but he knows he should.

“So, what’re you drinking?” She asks, her hand still locked with his as they walk through the sweaty and sticky crowd of kids.

“Beer.” He responds a little blandly, but she doesn’t notice.

“From the kitchen keg or backyard keg?”

“Kitchen.”

“Ok good, that one is the good one, but I do have something a little *stronger* if you want it.” She stops now, turning and looking at him. They are the same height, and maybe she’s a little taller, but nonetheless Will just always feels smaller. She’s got a bright look in her eyes, questioning him, as a smile plays across her red-lipsticked lips.

“Sure.” He strains out, and she squeezes his hand.

“Follow me then.”

She leads him back towards the front of the house, up the stairs and down the hall. There, she opens a door, which he imagines is Kasey Teller’s parents room. Sarah closes the door.

He instantly feels a little more than uncomfortable, but takes a sip of his beer, rubbing his other hand, now free from Sarah’s, on his pants, as he tries to tell his brain to calm his heart down.

“I’ve been friend’s with Kasey forever, and I know where her parents always hide the good shit.” She states, putting her cup down on a dresser and proceeding to open it. Something clinks at the back of the drawer, and she smiles towards Will, pulling out a small, round bottle, filled with some deep brown liquid. “You ever had rum?”

“N-no.” He stumbles slightly, watching as she sits on the edge of the bed, then pats the place next to her.

“Come on, I won’t bite.” She says, and he takes cautious steps towards her, every step feeling heavier, until he finally makes it, sitting next to her. She undoes the cap, and within seconds Will’s face scrunches up in disgust from the overwhelming scent coming from the bottle.

“Ugh,” He says, and she laughs, coincidentally making him laugh, “That just smells-“

“Awful, I know. And it tastes awful too. But in a few minutes, you’ll feel so good.” She says, scooting herself slightly closer. Will chugs the last bit of his beer and puts it on the ground, making sure its far enough away he won’t accidentally knock it over.

She clears her throat, swinging a leg up on the bed so she faces Will. He stays still, watching as she closes her eyes, plugs her nose, and then puts the bottle to her lips, throwing it back and taking a swig.

She coughs, after getting it down, and then laughs. Will grabs the bottle from her, only so she doesn’t spill it on the really expensive-looking carpets.

“Your turn.” She says, inching even closer. Will can now smell the drink on her, and its gross but intoxicating, and he smiles slightly.

“O-okay.” He says, taking a deep breath, then plugging his nose as she did, and taking a sip. More than a sip, as she cheers him on for taking a longer shot than her.

“See! Not so bad- now just gotta wait for it to settle into our system..” She says, trailing off. Will finds the cap of the bottle and closes it, putting the bottle flat on the ground where it won’t do any harm. She hums suddenly, looking around the room, then her eyes land on Will. She smiles, raising a hand and putting it on his arm. “Y’know, ever since we were kids, I always thought you were the sweetest.” She says in a bit of an odd tone. Its enticing, but also makes Will want to run. He raises his eyebrows.

“Yeah?” Will says after a moment, and its quiet, as she possibly waits for the response of *me too* that doesn’t come.

“Yeah.” She then has her body fully turned toward Will, her other hand coming to his thigh. It burns where she touches him, and he takes a bit of a uneven breath in. “Pretty eyes, nice hair, cute little nose..” She brings one hand to his cheek, the other staying on his thigh. He doesn’t know what to say, so he just waits, not breathing, ears ringing, as she begins leaning in. The white noise gets too loud

for him to bear, and he feels a nauseous swirl in his stomach.

Her mouth gets close to his, enough for them to be swapping air. He feels her lips brush against his, and he inhales sharply, slipping off the bed in a quick and fluid motion until he's sitting on the floor. She opens her eyes, then erupts in laughter, falling back onto the bed. She begins humming again as Will stands, his cheeks burning.

"I'll go get you some water." He says fast, exiting the room before he can hear her response. He rushes to the nearest washroom, rinses out a stray cup, and brings it to the room. Will finds her fast asleep, snuggled up in the throw blanket at the end of the bed. He looks down at her, leaving the water on the bedside table.

"Sorry." He whispers to her, but also to the quiet room. And to himself. He doesn't know *why* he should exactly be sorry, but he knows if he were to tell Dustin this story, he'd get a solid slap on the back of the head for *missing the opportunity*.

Will leaves the room, after making sure she is comfortable, safe, actually asleep, and then shuts the door. He walks down the hallway, his mouth dry, and realizes he kinda needs to pee. He keeps walking until he comes down a more deserted hallway, opening a bunch of doors to find just *closets*, thankfully empty, and then finally ending up in Kasey Teller's bedroom, to which he ignored the "Do Not Enter" sign lazily tapped to the door.

Just as he enters, a hand comes on his shoulder. He gasps, and turns around to find Mike, smiling at him. He looks down at him, his hair more curly than he's ever seen it. It falls into his eyes, his mouth wide in a grin that makes Will smile too.

"Dude! Where have *you been!* I have been looking for you all night." He asks, his voice is giddy, and slurs a little. He's definitely had enough to drink, and Will smiles adoringly at the sparkle in his eyes.

"Just, come sit on the bed, I gotta pee." Will closes the door behind them, sitting Mike on the bed. He rushes for her en-suite, which was stuffed with all pink things that made Will's head spin a bit. Once he's done he goes back into the room to find Mike lying down, looking outside the window with wide eyes, mouth slightly open.

"You ok?" Will asks, going to sit next to him, patting his leg. Mike sits up slowly, staring at Will intensely. "Where's El? And the others?"

"El got picked up by Hopper a half hour ago..and the others are..around." Mike shrugs. Will had forgotten about her curfew, but he also didn't really care. Mike keeps staring, his mouth slightly open, his breath a little wheezy. Will finds himself having a hard time trying to look directly into his eyes when his *lips* are so close to him.

"How much did you drink?" Will asks, laughing at Mike's expression as he just keeps *staring* at Will.

"Just a few beers, I think I might have smoked something too."

"Yeah, a cigarette?" Will chuckles, slightly making fun of him in his tone. Mike shakes his head, letting out a small laugh too.

"No no, something else..more intense." He scoots himself closer to Will then, leaning his head on his shoulder. Their sitting position is a little awkward, but neither of them seem to mind as they sit in silence, the music from downstairs booming quietly through the floor, Will thinks maybe its a song from The Smiths. His heart matches the beat, and the beat is *fast*.

"Will I wanna ask you something." He grabs one of Will's hands, playing with his fingers, and slowly laces theirs together, holding his hand to his chest and staring at it. His lips keep pursing towards Will's knuckles.

"Yeah ok, shoot." Will mutters, Mike's eyelashes casting shadows down his cheeks. Will swallows a lump in his throat.

"Did you kiss Sarah Smith?" He finally looks up at Will, and though his eyes are hazy, they look sad as well.

"Huh?"

"Everyone saw you two disappear upstairs like...two hours ago," He exaggerated, "So, did you?" His eyebrows are furrowed, lips in a pout, his eyes looking more *sad* by the second.

“No..She..” *isn’t my type* Will wants to say, but doesn’t. Before he can say anything else, Mike continues.

“Do you ever think about kissing me?”

If Will’s mouth was dry before, he had no idea what to call it now. He stared down at Mike, who was still fascinated by their locked fingers. When Will doesn’t respond, Mike continues.

“*Kissing me*, Will. Do you ever want to?” He asks a little louder, more serious.

Will feels like maybe he’s about to have a heart attack.

“I-I-“ Will stammers.

“Kiss me.” He whispers, demands.

And so he does. It’s gentle, *so* gentle that he barely feels it, as their lips grace one another slowly, then pull away. Will’s eyes are squeezed tight, and he feels Mike’s fingers smooth over his eyes, relaxing him slightly. He opens one eyes slowly, finding Mike breathing unsteadily as he stares at Will’s lips. He leans in a little more.

“Again?” Mike asks, barely getting the question out before they meet again in the middle, their lips crushing together. Neither of them really know what to do, except put their hands on each other and move their lips against one another’s slowly, then quickly. Will feels Mike’s tongue poking at his mouth, and he opens, the two gasping slightly for air as they become even more tangled within one another.

Mike has somehow maneuvered himself on top of Will, straddling him and kissing him earnestly. Will’s hands hover on his waist and lower back, ready to catch him if he were to fall back. He feels Mike’s hands slither softly up his neck and into his hair, tugging slightly at the ends, his jaw going slack as together they deepen their kiss.

Suddenly Mike moans, making Will gasp and pull away for a moment. Mike, eyes still closed, mutters something along the lines of *don’t stop*, but it barely gets out before their lips meet again, Will’s hands finally settling on Mike’s lower back and pulling him closer

towards him.

Mike pulls away first, but their lips still so close they are sharing the air. Mike lets out a small sigh, a small and breathy "wow," and Will is about to smile when Mike begins to go pale, his eyes widening.

"Oh, fuck." Mike says, then he is standing, running away from Will into the washroom. Will hears him suddenly start retching up his drinks and whatnot. Will takes a deep breath, as he stands up, his legs feeling weak as he makes his way towards the en-suite. Mike, leaning over the toilet, doesn't look up at him.

"You need..anything?" Will asks. Mike just waves, gesturing for him to close the door. So he does. Will stands there for a moment, hearing Mike groan and then continue throwing up.

Will then leaves the room, feeling more and more nauseous with every step. The only thought running through his mind is that he needs to get out of this house, away from that room, and get home. Away from Sarah, away from Kasey Teller's house, away from whatever the fuck just happened in there with his best friend. His *friend*.

He walks out the front door at some point, and he thinks he hears Dustin or Lucas calling after him, but he keeps walking, his ears ringing and tears flowing down his cheeks uncontrollably.

Then he starts to run, and he doesn't stop until he's standing on his front porch, his nausea catching up with him. He tastes rum. He tastes his salty tears, and collapses onto the porch, shaking and sweating. Jonathan and Nancy find him moments later, carrying him to his bedroom and making him drink water. They stay with him until he falls asleep, Nancy and Jonathan exchanging worried looks.

In the morning his head is throbbing, and slowly but surely, he forces any memories of the night into a hazy blur.

Notes for the Chapter:

So just so no one gets confused by their ages b/c of the years, I've worked it out:

In 1984, they were 14/15, where Stranger Things 2 took place. Now, '85, 15/16. and so on and so on :)

(i thought this was the canon ages but it isn't but for the sake of this fic these r the ages that match the years)

I hope you enjoyed this chap! More coming soon~
Comments & Kudos greatly appreciated

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5. December 15th, 1993

Summary for the Chapter:

About a week after Will brings home Sean for Thanksgiving.

About a week since Will has been hoping every day that Mike will call.

He did say 'maybe', right?

December 15th, 1993

Chicago was a lot less colder than Hawkins, but Will was still not used to it. Even though he'd gotten to be a faster walker, keeping his heart rate up and such, the cold in the air still seeped into his skin, freezing him to the bone. He was happy once he finally got to kick the snow off his sneakers and unwrap his scarf from his neck, shuffling off his jacket and opening the door to his warm, warm apartment. He places his canvas bag down near the front door, making sure it isn't soaking wet from the falling wet snow that began to come down once he was 5 blocks away. He had some sketches in there that he had to protect.

"Sean?" He calls out, and when theres no response, he sighs. He must be caught up somewhere.

The past week or so since they got back from his Thanksgiving in Hawkins, their relationship has been a bit tense. Sean mentioned on the drive home that he saw Will outside with "that guy Mike" and decided to give them privacy and went to sleep in Will's bed. Will got defensive, and then Sean asked *why* exactly he was getting so defensive, and then the ride became unbearable as the two gave each other the cold shoulder.

Will enters his small kitchen, filling up a pot with water and turning

the stove top on to boil it for some much needed instant coffee. As it boils, he goes to get his sketches, deciding to lay them out on the table.

Will, over the years and the trauma that had ensued from the Upside Down, had grown a deep love for charcoal, and deep red hues, mostly watercolour. Together he had found a harmony between the two, as he sketched out multiple landscapes of the world that other people have come to believe is a complete fantasy, a dark and unrelenting world straight from Will Byers' mind. Except it wasn't. It still sent shivers down his spine. And every-time he coughed, he thought of the slug. The memories were far from being forgotten.

Will shudders slightly, somehow, even though he still occasionally has nightmares, finds it the most therapeutic thing, drawing out what he has seen. Out of all the therapists and doctors he had seen, the most comfortable one for him was a fresh pack of charcoal and a new canvas.

One sketch is unlike the others, and he pulls it out from underneath a few others. He had hid it in between, having sketched it absentmindedly, then been *extremely* annoyed with himself from the outcome.

Originally it was supposed to just be a dark silhouette, but somehow, he had full blown drawn Mike, standing on his porch, a cigarette between his lips, curly black locks swirling around his head, the porch light illuminating half his face, a smirk playing across his features. The drawing stared at Will, almost uncanny with how well Will was able to draw him, from the details of his freckles to pinpointing exactly where his dimple was. Behind him was an incoming storm of red and black, but his expression was readable in the fact that he didn't care. He was on Will's porch. He was happy.

He ran a hand over the drawing, realizing the falseness of it all. It had been a week since Mike said *maybe*, a week since they spoke. He wasn't coming, Will had realized, after waiting for the phone to ring for a few days, after Sean and him got in multiple small fights. He didn't want to wait around anymore.

He takes the drawing, shoving it into the canvas bag and putting it

beside the table, standing upright in between the wall and table legs.

The whistle on the kettle blows, the door opens, and he hears Sean's gym bag drop on the floor.

"Hey, want a coffee? Or a tea?" Will leans against the doorframe, watching as Sean unties his sneakers and shuffles his coat off.

He looks up at him, his hair tied back in a small ponytail, some of his light blond curls refusing to stay back, framing his face. He gives him a small nod, and they walk into the kitchen together. Will makes him a berry tea with some steamed milk and honey, and then make his own coffee, nothing added, just full caffeine.

"So, how was your morning?" Will sits across from him, and Sean takes a small sip of his tea.

"Will, I think we should talk...about some things."

"Yeah? About what?"

"Well, I know you said how you invited Mike to stay with us, but—"

"Don't worry, Sean, he isn't coming. So don't even both starting this conversation."

"Jesus!" Sean laughs, shaking his head and sitting back in his chair, raising a hand to smack it on the table, "You don't even let me finish my fucking sentence before getting so defensive about your childhood boyfriend."

"He *wasn't* my *boyfriend*." Will responds, his voice slowly rising. He says the words through gritted teeth, his tone nastier than he thought it was. He didn't know how many times they had to have the same fight over and over until it got through to Sean.

"Then why are you like this!" Sean stands then, the chair under him slides back and hits the wall. He dumps his tea in the sink, the steam rising from it. He leaves the cup in the sink, placing his hands on the counter, holding himself up, and collects his thoughts. He looks out the window, at the city, that's bustling with happy people going about their day.

"I think maybe we should take a break." Sean starts, making Will choke on his coffee, "At least until you finally get over Mike."

"Get over him!? I was never *into* him!" Will stands now, his coffee completely forgotten on the table.

"Yes you were...are. You literally drew hearts on his picture." Sean says calmly, and Will scoffs, rolling his eyes. Sean turns to look at him, leaning against the counter, before his eyes catch onto a drawing sticking out from the Will's canvas bag. He steps toward it, reaching for it, and before Will can stop him, he pulls it half out, staring at it. He blinks a few times, sniffing, then drop the drawing. It slides back into the folder, and he stands, staring at will with red eyes.

"More than me, I bet, huh?" He asks, his eyes brimming with tears. Will's heart pangs slightly in his chest, but he ignores it, holding back his own tears, full of anger. *You love him more than me*, Sean wanted to say, but his words got choked back.

"I think you should leave." Will says, crossing his arms and standing a little straighter.

Sean steps towards him, raising a hand to run a few fingers across Will's cheek, catching the *single* tear that falls without Will's allowance. Will turns away from his touch, grabbing his coffee and standing towards the small kitchen window, his back to Sean.

He hears him grab his things before the door closes, and his apartment is empty, cold.

He sips his coffee.

When he goes back home for the holidays, he sees Nancy, but she doesn't say anything about Mike. She also tries her best to avoid him, and Will feels like its on purpose. When he corners her at one point, asking her if Mike's okay since he hasn't heard from him, she gives him a bit of a forced smile, putting a hand on his cheek.

"Don't worry, he'll call." She says softly, calmly, but Will doesn't get his hopes up.

Mike doesn't call. Will, back in his apartment, shreds the drawing of Mike, throwing it and crumpling it and tearing it into pieces.

In the morning he vows never to cry over him again.

Notes for the Chapter:

this is a super short chapter sorry ;__; the next one is in the works and it will be longer! I just had to get this ~breakup~ out there

thanks for reading! <3

Author's Note:

Bear with me, I promise I have good things coming for this fic.

-K